WEEKLY VISITOR,

OR,

LADIES' MISCELLANY.

"TO WAKE THE SOUL BY TENDER STROKES OF ART,
"TO RAISE THE GENIUS AND TO MEND THE HEART."

VOL. II.] SATURDAY, January 21, 1804. [No. 63

THE FATAL EFFECTS OF FASHIONIABLE LEVITIES,

OR, THE

STORY OF FLAVILLA.

(Continued from page 73)

MERCATOR, as his part of the contract had been punctually fulfilled, thought he had some cause to be offended, and insisted to know her reasons for compelling him to leave her house. These his hostess, who was indeed a friendly woman, was very unwilling to give; and as he perceived that she evaded his question, he became more solicitous to obtain an answer. After much hesitation, which perhaps had a worse effect than any tale which malice could have invented, she told him, that Madam kept a great deal of company, and often staid out very late; that she had always been used to quiet and regularity; and was determined to let her apartment to some person in a more private station.

At this account Mercator changed countenance; for he inferred from it just as much more than truth as he believed it to be less. After some moments of suspense, he conjured her to conceal nothing from him, with an emotion which convinced her that she had already said too much. She then assured him, that he had no reason to be alarmed; for that she had no exception to his lady, but those gaieties which her station and the fashion sufficiently authorized. Mercator's suspicions, however, were not wholly removed; and he began to think he had found a confidant whom it would be his interest to trust: he, therefore, in the folly of his jealousy, confessed, that he had some doubts concerning his wife, which it was of the utmost importance to his honor and his peace to resolve: he intreated that he might continue in the apartment another year; that, as he should again leave the kingdom in a short time, she would suffer no incident, which might confirm either his hopes or his fears, to escape her notice in his absence; and that at his return she would give him such an account as would at least deliver him from the torment of suspense, and determine his future conduct.

There is no sophistry more general, than that by which we justify a busy and scrupulous enquiry after secrets, which to discover is to be wretched without hope of redress; and no service to which others are so easily engaged as to assist in the search. To communicate suspicions of matrimonial infidelity, especially to a husband, is, by a strange mixture of folly and malignity, deemed not only an act of justise but of friendship; though it is too late to prevent an evil, which whatever be its guilt can diffuse wretchedness only in proportion as it is known. It is no wonder, therefore, that the general kindness of Mercator's confidant was on this occasion overborne; she was flattered by the trust that had been placed in her, and the power with which she was invested; she consented to Mercator's proposal; and promised, that she would with the utmost fidelity execute her commission.

Mercator, however, concealed his suspicions from his wife; and, indeed, in her presence they were forgotten. Her manner of life he began seriously to disapprove; but being well acquainted with her temper, in which great sweetness was blended with a high spirit, he would not embitter the pleasure of a short stay by altercation, chiding and tears: but when her mind was melted into tenderness at his departure, he clasped her in an extasy of fondness to his bosom, and intreated her to behave with reserve and circumspection; because, said he, I know that my father keeps a watchful eye upon your conduct, which may, therefore, confirm or remove his displeasure, and either intercept or bestow such an increase of my fortune as will prevent the pangs of separation which must otherwise so often return and in a short time unite us to part no more. To this caution she had then no power to reply; and they parted with mutual protestations of unaltered love.

Flavilla, soon after she was thus left in a kind of widowhood a second time, found herself with child; and within somewhat less than eight months after Mercator's return from his first voyage, she happened to stumble as she was going up stairs, and being immediately taken ill was brought to bed before the next morning. The child, though its birth had been precipitated more than a month, was not remarkably small, nor had any infirmity which endangered its life.

It was now necessary, that the vigils of whist and the tumults of balls and visits should, for a while, be suspended; and in this interval of languor and retirement Flavilla first became thoughtful. She often reflected upon Mercator's caution when they last parted, which had made an indelible impression upon her mind, though it had produced no alteration in her conduct: notwithstanding the manner in which it was expressed, and the reason upon which it was founded, she began to fear that it might have been secretly prompted by jealousy. The birth, therefore, of her first child in his absence, at a time when, if it had not been premature, it could not possibly have been his, was an accident which greatly alarmed her: but there was yet another, for which it was still less in her power to account, and which, therefore, alarmed her still more.

It happened that some civilities which she received from a lady who sat next her at an opera, and whom she had never seen before, introduced a conversation, which so much delighted her, that she gave her a pressing invitation to visit her: this invitation was accepted, and in a few days the visit was paid. Flavilla was not less pleased at the second interview, than she had been at the first; and without making any other enquiry concerning the lady than where she lived, took the first opportunity to wait on her. The apartment in which she was received was the ground floor of an elegant house, at a small distance from St. James's. It happened that Flavilla was placed near the window; and a party of the horse guards riding through the street, she expected to see some of the royal family: and hastily threw up the sash. A gentleman who was passing by at the same instant, turned about at the noise of the window, and Flavilla no sooner saw his face than she knew him to be the father of Mercator. After looking first stedfastly at her, and then glancing his eye at the lady whom she was visiting, he affected a contemptuous sneer and went on. Flavilla, who had been thrown into some confusion, by the sudden and unexpected sight of a person, whom she knew considered her as the disgrace of his family and the ruin of his child, now changed countenance, and hastily retired to another part of the room: she was touched both with grief and anger at this silent insult, of which, however, she did not then suspect the cause. It is, indeed, probable, that the father of Mercator would no where have looked upon her with complacency; but as soon as he saw her companion, he recollected that she was the favorite mistress of an old courtier, and that this was the house in which he kept her in great splendor, though she had been by turns a prostitute to many others. It happened that Flavilla, soon after this accident, discovered the character of her new acquaintance; and never remembered by whom she had been seen in her company, without the utmost regret and apprehension.

She now resolved to move in a less circle, and with more circumspection. In the mean time her little boy whom she suckled, grew very fast; and it could no longer be known by his appearance, that he had been born too soon. His mother frequently gazed at him till her eyes overflowed with tears; and though her pleasures were now become domestic, yet she feared lest that which had produced should destroy them. After much deliberation, she determined that she would conceal the child's age from its father; believing it prudent to prevent a suspicion, which, however ill founded, it might be difficult to remove, as her justification would depend wholly upon the testimony of her dependents; and her mother's and her own would necessarily become doubtful, when every one would have reason to conclude, that it would still have been the same supposing the contrary to have been true.

Such was the state of Flavilla's mind, and her little boy was six months old when Mercator returned. She received him with joy, indeed, but it was mixed with a visible confusion; their meeting was more tender, but on her part it was less cheerful; she smiled with inexpressible complacency, but at the same time the tears gushed from her eyes, and she was seized with an universal tremor. Mercator caught the infection; and caressed first his Flavilla, and then his boy, with an excess of fondness and delight that before he had never expressed. The sight of the child made him more than ever wish a reconciliation with his father; and having heard at his first landing, that he was dangerously ill, he determined to go immediately and attempt to see him, promising that he would return to supper. He had, in the midst of his caresses, more than once enquired the age of his son, but the question had been always evaded; of which, however, he took no notice, nor did it produce any suspicion.

He was now hasting to enquire after his father; but as he passed through the hall, he was officiously laid hold of by his landlady. He was not much disposed to enquire how she had fulfilled his charge; but perceiving by her looks that she had something to communicate, which was at least in her own opinion of importance, he suffered her to take him into her parlor. She immediately shut the door, and reminded him, that she had undertaken an office with reluctance which he had pressed upon her; and that she had done nothing in it to which he had not bound her by a promise; that she was extremely sorry to communicate her discoveries; but that he was a worthy gentleman, and, indeed, ought to know them. She then told him, that the child was born within less than eight months after his last return from abroad; that it was said to have come before its time, but that having pressed to see it she was refused. This, indeed, was true, and confirmed the good woman in her suspicion; for Flavilla, who had still resented the freedom which she had taken in her remonstrance, had kept her at a great distance; and the servants, to gratify the mistress, treated her with the utmost insolence and contempt.

At this relation Mercator turned pale. He now recollected, that his question concerning the child's birth had been evaded; and concluded, that he had been shedding tears of tenderness and joy over a strumpet and a bastard, who had robbed him of his patrimony, his honor and his peace.

(To be continued)

REMARKS ON THE FORTITUDE UNDER AFFLICTION, WHICH FEMALE CHARACTERS

have displayed; and a particular instance exemplified in the conduct of MADAME LAVERGNE.

THOUGH the female character has been thought incapable of encountering calamity, or giving any convincing proofs of magnanimity of mind, yet *affection* is often known to inspire an artificial kind of courage, that could not be exceeded by the most heroic of mankind.

Amidst the various proofs of female fortitude which different biographers have described, we are particularly struck with those which the Roman historians relate. We weep over the sufferings of the amiable Eponia, and we tremble at the recollection of the attached Arria's fate! yet for testimonies of conjugal love and magnanimity we need not search into the remote historic page; for the revolutionary horrors committed in France, prove that they never existed in more perfection than in the present age. Who can peruse M. Du Broca's account of the cruelties which were inflicted, with a mind unagitated, or a heart unmoved? or who can read a description of Madame Lavergne's exertions to preserve the life of an aged husband, without acknowledging that it is not possible to find a stronger instance of conjugal tenderness and love? That passion, which it has been said requires *similarity* of *years* to sustain it, existed in the greatest purity from *similarity* of *mind*; and we find a beautiful young woman, endowed with every attraction, resolving to sacrifice existence, when she found she could not preserve her husband's life.

The History of the lovely but unfortunate Madame Lavergne, Wife of the Governor of the Fort of Longwy, in the Department of Moselle. Taken from M. Du Broca's Anecdotes of the conspicuous Female Characters who suffered from the Revolution in France.

The beautiful and accomplished Madame Lavergne had been married but a short time to M. Lavergne, Governor of Longwy, when that town surrendered to the Prussians; but in two months afterwards was retaken by the French, and the Governor arrested, and sent prisoner to Paris, without being permitted to enjoy the society of his amiable wife. Though M. Lavergne was at that time upwards of sixty, and Madame had scarcely attained a third of that age, yet the sweetness of his disposition and the superiority of his abilities, had excited in her bosom the liveliest tenderness and esteem; and she determined not only to follow him to the capital, but to exert every faculty she possessed to obtain the preservation of his life.

That dreadful epocha of the revolution had already arrived, when the scaffold was daily reeking with the blood of those victims whom savage cruelty had unjustly slain, and M. Lavergne hourly expected his would augment the sanguinary stream! The horrors of a prison, and the damps of a dungeon, soon produced the most alarming effects upon his health; yet his amiable wife considered it as a fortunate circumstance, conceiving they would not bring him to trial in so debilitated a state. A perilous disease, she imagined, would prove a present safeguard, and time and exertion bring the wished-for relief! Vain expectation; his name appeared on that list from which no appeal could save him, and the ill-fated sufferer was destined to attend!

Madame Lavergne was no sooner made acquainted with this decision, than she presented herself before the Committee for general safety, with a countenance expressive of the anguish of her feelings, and her eyes streaming with apprehensive tears; demanded that her husband's trial should be delayed until he had regained his faculties by a restoration of health; assuring them that he was not in a state to confront his accusers, as disease had impaired his reason as much as his strength.

"Imagine, oh, citizens," said the agonized wife of Lavergne "such an unfortunate being as I have described, dragged before a tribunal that decides upon life and death! Whilst reason abandons him, can he understand the charges alledged against him? Or can he have power to declare his *innocence*, whose bodily sufferings are now threatening to terminate his life? Will you oh citizens of France, call a man to trial while in the frenzy of delirium? Will you summon him who, perhaps, at this moment is expiring on the bed of pain, to hear that irrevocable sentence which admits no medium between liberty and the scaffold? and if you unite *humanity* and *justice*, can you suffer an *old man*"—At these words, every eye was turned upon Madame Lavergne, whose youth and beauty, contrasted with the idea of an *aged* and *infirm* husband, gave rise to very different emotions in the breasts of the members of the Committee, from those which she had so eloquently endeavored to inspire; and they interrupted her speech with the most indecent jests, and the coarsest raillery. One of the members, with a scornful smile, assured her, that, young and handsome as she was, it would not be so difficult as she appeared to imagine, to find means of consolation for the loss of a husband, who, in the common course of nature, had completely lived his time. Another of them, equally brutal, and still more ferocious, added, that the fervor with which she pleaded the cause of such a husband, was an unnatural excess; and therefore the Committee could not attend to her petition.

Horror, indignation, and despair, took possession of the unfortunate Madame Lavergne's soul. She had heard the purest and most exalted affection for one of the worthiest men, condemned and vilified as a degrading appetite! She had been wantonly insulted, whilst demanding justice, by the administrators of the law; and she rushed in silence from the presence of these inhuman monsters, to hide the agony that almost burst her heart.

One ray of hope still rose to cheer the gloom of deep despondency away. *Dumas*, one of the judges of the tribunal, she had known in former times; *him*, therefore, she resolved to seek, and, in spite of the antipathy his present actions had inspired, implore him to let the trial be delayed. In all the agony of increasing apprehension, she threw herself at this inflexible monster's feet, used all the arguments suggested by affection, only to have the fatal hour delayed. Dumas replied coldly, that it did not belong to *him* to grant the favor she solicited; neither should he chuse to make such a request of the tribunal; and then increasing the bitterness of disappointment by the insolence of sarcasm, he inquired whether it was so *great a misfortune* to be delivered from a troublesome husband of *sixty*, whose death would leave her at liberty to employ her youthful charms more useful to the state!

Such a *reiteration of insult* roused the unfortunate wife of Lavergne to desperation. She shrieked with anguish too insupportable to bear; and rising from the posture of supplication, she extended her out-stretched arms to heaven, and in a phrenzied voice, exclaimed, "Just God! will not the crimes of these atrocious men awake thy vengeance? Go, monster!" she cried addressing herself to Dumas, "I no longer want *thy* aid; no longer will I deign to supplicate *thy* pity! Away to the tribunal; there will I also appear: then shall it be known whether I deserve the outrages thou and thy base associates have heaped upon my head!"

From the presence of the odious Dumas, and with a fixed determination to quit a life that was now become hateful to her, Madame Lavergne repaired to the hall of the tribunal; and mixing with the motley crowd, waited impatient for the hour of trial. The barbarous proceedings of the day begin, and the unfortunate Lavergne is called! The jailors convey him thither on a mattrass; and a few trifling questions are proposed, to which with difficulty he replies, when the mock trial closes, and the ill-fated governor is doomed to die!

Scarcely had the sentence passed the judge's lips when Madame Lavergne cried, with a loud voice, "*Vive le Roi!*" In vain the surrounding multitude endeavored to prevent the sound; for the more they tried to deaden its extention, the more vehement became her cries; and she continued exclaiming "*Vive le Roi!*" until the guard forced her away.

So great had been the interest which the distress of this amiable young woman had excited, that she was followed to the place of confinement by a numerous throng, who anxiously endeavored to avert the fate which awaited her, by an attempt to drown her cries.

When the public accuser interrogated her upon the motives of her extraordinary conduct, she informed him, she was not actuated either by revenge or despair, but by the loyalty which was rooted in her heart. "*I adore*," said she, "the system that you have destroyed; and I expect no mercy from you, for I am your enemy. I abhor your republic, and I will persist in the confession I have publicly made as long as I live."

To such a declaration no reply was made; but Madame Lavergne's name was instantly added to the suspected list, and in a few minutes she was brought before the tribunal, where she again uttered her own condemnation, and was decreed to die. From that instant the agitation of her spirits subsided; serenity appeared to have re-possessed her mind, and her beautiful countenance announced the peace and comfort of her soul!

On the day of execution, Madame Lavergne first ascended the fatal cart, and requested to be placed in a position that she might view her husband's face. That unfortunate husband had fallen into a swoon, and lay extended upon a truss of straw without the slightest appearance of life. The motion of the cart had loosened the bosom of his shirt, and exposed his breast to the scorching rays of a vertical sun, which his amiable wife perceiving, intreated the executioner to take a pin from her handkerchief, and unite his shirt. Madame Lavergne's attention was never for one moment directed from the object of her tenderness; and perceiving by the change of his countenance, that his senses revived, in softened accents, she pronounced his name. At the sound of that voice, whose melody had so long been a stranger to his ears, Lavergne raised his languid eyes, and fixed them on the object of his love, with a look expressive of *alarm* and *tenderness*. Do not be alarmed, said she; it was your faithful wife who called. We could not *live*, but we shall die together! The agitated Lavergne burst into tears of gratitude; and his oppressed heart poured forth its soft sensations into that bosom which shared all its sorrows; and though the tyrants fain would have divided them, 'twas death that joined them in *a better life!*

ON DRESS AND FASHION.

"*And they sewed fig-leaves together, and made themselves aprons.*"

I HAVE often contemplated, with feelings of admiration and regret, the whimsical and perpetual variations which take place in the dresses of both the sexes. The man and woman of fashion are, in my estimation, the veriest slaves in society. They are coerced into follies which they internally abhor; and, from the fear of appearing singular, are goaded on to the most ridiculous excesses, both in manners and apparel.

——————"New customs,
"Tho' they be never so ridiculous,
"Nay, let them be unmannerly, yet are followed."

The intelligent Dr. Alexander has endeavored to demonstrate from historical evidence, that the origin of cloathing is more owing to a passion for novelty and ornament, than to the principle of shame or necessity. This doctrine, however, is confuted by the words of my text. Besides, if we recur to our own natural and immutable principles of delicacy as the standard of ancient customs, we cannot doubt that the most cogent, if not the only motive for this invention, was a sense of modesty and decorum; and that not till after the feelings and necessities of our natures were satisfied, the taste for decoration and show had strength sufficient to operate.

It is true, that even natural self-love would induce mankind to attempt to render their persons more pleasing and admirable than nature had made them. The most barbarous and the most refined nations of antiquity, as well as those of modern times, have, in one degree or other, manifested this propensity. The Greeks not only appeared in sumptuous robes, but used the *Sulama* to give a glow to their skins; had the art of rendering their teeth beautiful, and of coloring the eye-brows. Distinguished brides at Athens, in order to become superlatively captivating, used to *gild their faces*. Savages daub with paint, and ornament themselves with feathers, beads, shells, &c.

That pride, if such it may be called, which consists merely in rendering our persons agreeable and lovely, our manners easy and becoming, so far from meriting reprehension, is a topic of deserved praise. Nature has, indeed, been bountiful in the formation of the human structure; but if our fancies can possibly add a single grace to its beauty, or soften the shades of frailty, by the relief of art, it is in no point of view ridiculous.

But the dominion which fashion has over our minds, as it extends to the principles of propriety and decorum, may have a pernicious influence on the

manners and sentiments of society. When the attractions of dress are so powerful as to reconcile us to the commission of *public folly*, they require but a small addition of energy to be able to lead us into *private vice*. Nay, it is always under the auspices of *fashion*, that irregular and criminal practices are introduced into *polite* circles; and no idea, however preposterous and absurd, will be abandoned there, until it has been previously discarded by the *ton*.

The ladies, in a particular manner, by the modes of exposing or concealing the beauties of their persons, regulate the sentiments of delicacy in the men. At one time, if they choose to build a rampart around their bosoms, it is *indecent* to expose any of the lovely skin which surrounds their lovelier necks. At the next, it is deemed *vulgar* not to have a fair and swelling breast to feed the rapacious eyes of every staring *petit maitre*. About a century ago, the ladies appeared in the public places of Paris almost "*adorn'd when unadorn'd the most.*"

The variations in the manner of showing the ancle, and the length and dimensions of the petticoat, have been rapid and innumerable.

They have also in our own time, modelled their head-dress from the spiral eminence of a pyramid, through all gradations, to the squatty turban of a Turk.

But although the women are considered the fickle children of taste and fancy, yet the men do not evince a less degree of fluctuation and whim in their matters of dress. At one time, their coats projected in a point from their back, corresponding with the then prevalent *tight-waisted* gowns of the ladies. Now they appear wrapped up in a loose contrivance, called *frocks*, modelled after the present easy chemises of the fair. Now their heads are pinioned up with large *bolsters*, which swallow up in a hidden gulph the whole of the chin; —these again are banished for a tight *collar*.

In reflecting upon this subject, however unimportant it may appear to some, I am almost induced to believe, that as fashions vary, the national character alters.—The Romans, before the introduction of luxury and vice, were known throughout the world, by the decent simplicity of their dress; but as soon as the public taste was turned to objects of ornament, their respectability began to decline.—At this time, the nations least remarkable for public virtue, are most conspicuous in their attachment to fantastical etiquette. Formerly it was common to see in France a peasant dressed in a laced coat, powdered, and with a sword at his side, following the plough.—In Spain there have been beggars, who, for foppishness in dress, could not be distinguished from the gentry!—At any rate, a childish attention to this article is utterly incompatible with the dignified character of virtue; and will materially injure us in the opinion of strangers, who usually derive their first ideas of a people from their external appearance.

The institution of a national habit would be impracticable; but, nevertheless, it may not be absurd to recommend to our fellow-citizens of both sexes, the observance of a decorous and comely apparel, in which convenience and elegance might be blended; and from which strangers might almost perceive the political and moral sentiments of our country.

PROSTITUTES:

A FRAGMENT.

THERE are those who maintain, that female prostitutes are necessary to good order, and they argue from the necessity, that a few should be sacrificed for the good of the community at large.—If there were not prostitutes and brothels, say they, no man's house would be sacred from the violation of lust and brutality.—It is thus they defend the police of those cities, where brothels are allowed by government and regulated by laws.

If those arguments be founded in wisdom, they are worthy the attention of the legislature, for public prostitution has increased, and is daily increasing, with the most alarming enormity. What a source of idleness, wickedness, and disease! Our legislature has ordained laws for punishing these women, —laws as cruel as they are impolitic: cruel, because they are made by men, —by the very seducers: cruel, because these women are not objects of punishment, but of charity and compassion: they are impolitic, because the true end of policy is not punishment of offences, but the prevention of them.

Prostitutes have very improperly been styled *women of pleasure*; they are women of pain, of sorrow, of grief, of bitter and continual repentance, without a hope of obtaining pardon. Cut off from society, they become desperate: yet, let it be remembered, that he whose example should be followed by christians, has shown, that their sins are to be forgiven. Yonder goes a wretch all covered with rags, she stoops to take up a piece of toast that has been thrown into the street from a porter-pot, she devours it with a rapacious appetite, yet her father was a religious and benevolent clergyman; he was thrown into jail, on a security he entered into for a friend, where he died of a broken heart, on hearing that his patron had debauched his daughter. A fresh-looking girl of eighteen passes her; her ruddy complexion and youth are all her qualities, and these an old woman, who hired her at a register office, bartered with an old antiquated Jew for a few guineas. How languid and pale are the beautiful features of yonder woman; she is in the hands of bailiffs, who are dragging her to prison; her father served his country, so did her husband; but they are both dead; to support two infants, she sold all she possessed; from affection to them she surrendered her virtue, surrendered it to the intimate of her husband, who has abandoned her.

These are the causes of prostitution; these are crimes crying to heaven for vengeance.

ORIGIN OF

FIGHTING FOR THE FAIR SEX.

From Alexander's Hist. of Women.

AN universal spirit of piracy and emigration had crept into the North; one half of its inhabitants were constantly wandering in quest of new adventures, and of new settlements. Wanderers, who have neither property nor possessions to serve as hostages for their good behavior, are generally licentious in their manners: hence it be-

came necessary for those who had acquired settlements, not only to secure their property, but also their wives and children, from these lawless wanderers, in castles, and in strong fortifications.

In this manner women became first subject to a species of confinement in the North, not because they were, as is alleged in the South, wicked and libidinous, but because they were beautiful, weak, and defenceless. This confinement, however, not being the effect of jealousy, as in Asia, but of prudence, and a desire of securing their women from the insults of lawless banditti; when a woman found a lover, or a husband, to protect her from the rudeness and barbarity of the times, she could then venture abroad with impunity in his company. Hence every woman naturally wished to engage such a champion; and every man of spirit, fond of the honor arising from it, as naturally enlisted himself in the service. And in this manner arose the institution of chivalry; an institution, which though it owed its birth to chance and the necessity of the times, made so rapid a progress, that in a little while it was sufficient for a fair lady to have it publicly known that such a gallant warrior was her declared champion, and would revenge every wrong done to her, whether in his presence or out of it: this enlarged still the circle of her liberty, and more restrained the hand of insult and violence.

Besides the title a young warrior had to the approbation and favor of her whom he thus defended, there was another, and, if possible, a still more prevailing motive, the love of glory; in these times, the most anxiously coveted, and most intimately connected with such generous and disinterested actions as defending the weak, and rescuing the oppressed. All these considerations prompted the youthful warrior to take upon him an office, which, while it flattered his love, at the same time, by its acquisition of fame, no less fed and nourished his vanity: and as the man acquired honor, and the name of valor, by undertaking to defend an innocent and helpless woman; so the woman acquired additional lustre, and the name of beauty, by being thus distinguished by a gallant champion. Thus the honor and interest of the two sexes became mutually blended together, and they reflected additional lustre and reputation upon each other; a truth to which all the historical records of these times bear the most ample testimony.

HINTS TO THE LADIES.

[*Addressed to the editor of a London periodical work*]

Mr. Editor,

I HAVE frequently heard an exclamation among many ladies of the first sense and reputation, attended with a wish to change their sex, and hinting, that, if they were happy enough to be men, they would then throw off the disagreeable restraint which the petticoat has imposed upon them, and give into all the fashionable pleasures of the town, with as much spirit as the best of us.

The ladies who are thus solicitous to part with the nice reserve of their own sex for the unblushing freedom of ours, should, however, consider that there is something not only exceedingly indelicate, but very dangerous, in this declaration. 'Tis positively acknowledging, that they are naturally inclined to be libertines; and that they imagine the principal happiness of life exists in those pursuits which are equally repugnant to the rules of reason, and the laws of morality. 'Tis actually confessing, that the rectitude of their conduct proceeds more from the suggestions of their fear than the goodness of their hearts; and that nothing confines them within the necessary limits of propriety, but the universal reproach which immediately attends any palpable deviation from the strictness of the female character.

When a lady, therefore, incautiously exclaims, *O that I was a man!* and seems to look with envy upon the license which custom has given to the lords of the creation to be profligate, she must not be surprised, if one of those happy beings, who is thus privileged to err, should take an instant advantage of her confessions, and insult her with the grossest solicitations. In fact, she invites an attack of that nature; and a libertine of any discernment might imagine, reasonably enough, that the woman would soon be brought to disregard the *appearance* of virtue, when she reflected with pain upon the *reality*.

Mentor.

SINGULAR INSTANCE OF MOORISH JUSTICE.

A POOR woman at Zehra possessed a small spot of ground contiguous to the royal palace of Alkalem the Second. The Caliph, being desirous of extending his gardens that way, made proposals to the old woman to dispose of her land for a sum of money; but she continuing deaf to every argument employed to induce her to part with the inheritance of her forefathers, the head gardener took by force what she refused to yield to intreaty. The woman, in an agony of despair, flew to Cardova, to implore the succor of Ibn Bechir, the chief Cadi of the city. This magistrate immediately mounted his ass, taking with him a sack of extraordinary size, and presented himself before Alkalem, who was then sitting in a magnificent pavilion on the very ground in question. The arrival of the Cadi, and the appearance of the wallet, surprised the Sultan. Bechir, having prostrated himself, intreated the prince to allow him to fill his sack with some of the earth they were then upon. This request granted, and the bag full, the Cadi desired him to lift it on his ass. This strange demand was still more amazing than the rest: however, the Caliph consented; but, upon putting his shoulder to it, he could not help complaining of the excessive weight of the load: "Sir, (replied the Cadi) this bag, which you find so heavy, contains but a very small portion of the earth which you have unjustly taken from a poor woman; how then do you expect to be able, at the day of judgment, to support the weight of the whole field you have had so little scruple of usurping?" Far from being incensed at this audacious rebuke, the Caliph generously acknowledged his fault, and ordered the land to be restored to the proprietor with every thing he had caused to be erected upon it.

UNIVERSAL WARFARE.

[*From a French Magazine.*]

NOW, when every body is talking of killing, may we be permitted to entertain our readers with a poor devil, an unfortunate old fellow, a miserable annuitant, to whom all the world is more or less indebted, and yet whom

almost all his debtors, in return for his kindness, are endeavoring to *kill*, alas! without pity? Notwithstanding this excess of ingratitude, he is not the less punctual in coming every moment to offer them his services: he asks only to be usefully employed, and, instead of exacting a salary, rewards those who employ him with incalculable benefits. It is true he cannot be happy, except in the midst of a constant activity. He has no greater enemy than idle repose; he then becomes heavy, oppressed with *ennui*, insupportable, and moves slowly forward, although by nature he represents in his course the rapidity of lightning.

Sometimes, however, his patience is tired out, and his vengeance becomes terrible: he brings with him chagrin, misery, infirmities, and premature old age. Such is his ordinary chastisement of those ingrates, who, despising his generous offers, strive only to *kill* him, from morning till night.

It is at Paris, above all places, that every one seems to conspire for his destruction: men and women, great and small, old and young, have no other object, no other occupation but to *kill* him.

It is to *kill* him that the youthful beau spends the morning in oiling his Titus [wig,] combing his curls, and adjusting his cravat. It is to *kill* him that he incurs immense expence in providing himself with music masters, dancing masters, &c. It is to *kill* him that he runs at night from the spectacle to the pavilion d'Hanovre, from the Palais Egalite to the Chaussee d'Antin. It is to *kill* him that Phrosyne, gaping, touches the keys of her piano, expmines the title and plates of a new romance, turns over a few of its pages, rings for her maid to enquire what hour it is, though there is a clock over the chimney piece It is to *kill* him that she orders her chariot, and goes to pay a visit to some friends, whom she saw, for the first time, the night before at a ball. In fine it is to *kill* him that one half of Paris rises, dresses, walks about, eats, drinks, goes to bed, and sleeps.

With all this their efforts are in vain: they cannot *kill* him. To *kill* TIME—for it is of Time that we are speaking—is a serious business, says an English author. They talk of it as an easy matter; but all the labors of Hercules were nothing in comparison. *Time* cannot be destroyed: it may be compared to the Polypus:—cut it lengthways, crossways, whatever way you will, each separate part instantly becomes a whole, as complete as before. Thus when you shall have stripped *Time* of days, weeks, and years, new days and new years will succeed, and this succession will be immortal.

When we meet with an adversary too powerful to conquer, it is wise to bring him over to one's interest. Instead, then, of wishing to *kill* TIME, make him your friend: there are a thousand ways of doing it.

THE MILLENER'S SHOP.

[FROM THE FRENCH.]

I KNOW no situation more agreeable than that of the fashionable Millener. Every thing around her is seducing:—the gauze and the lawn assume whatever shape her fancy directs. She arranges those flowers fashioned by Art whose vivid colors dare to rival the brilliant productions of Nature.—This handsome hat—this aigrette—this bouquet, acquire triple value from her plastic hand!

Beyond that glazed partition behold that assemblage of young beauties: they hold the needle and the scissars.—How happily employed! Taste, or rather Fashion, directs their labor. The Graces preside over their dress; Coquetry beams in their eyes.

Here, on the right, are the three Graces;—this is the freshness of Hebe, the gait of Juno, the beauty of Venus, ——There, on the left, is a sprightly brunette, a wood-nymph, whose furtive glance inflamed the Satyr.——At the farther end is a fair damsel with blue seducing eyes: it is the Queen of Cyprus, who holds even the most rebellious hearts in subjection. In the morning the fashionable millener resembles the artificial flowers around her;—— at night she is the rose in all its lustre! Her worshippers increase as the star of day proceeds in its course; when Phœbus has completed his career, she enjoys her greatest triumph. She is then the finest production of Nature——the most desired.

Corinna holds the needle with grace; Victoria forms the bonnet with taste; Aglae plaits the gauze!——What a charming occupation!——Oh! that I were a millener, or a millener's girl!—Happy young beauty, who in the closet of Love preserves a heart as pure, as fresh as the color of the flowers! What coquetry in her gait!—what a divine waist!——It is a young millener who walks before me: she carries a light band-box full of ribbons and roses.—— What grace!—what attractions!—All eyes follow this charming object!—— they cannot lose sight of her!

Amiable modesty!—may you be ever the favorite virtue of the young millener's girl!

ANECDOTE OF DR. FRANKLIN.

WHEN the Doctor first arrived at Paris, as Minister Plenipotentiary of the United States, he intended to conform to the etiquette of the Court of Versailles, in the article of dress, and accordingly began with sending to a perruquier to make him a wig. On the appointed day, this artificial covering for the head was brought home and tried on; but no attempts of the artist, although he had employed one of the first in Paris, were able to get the wig on his head.

The Doctor, after patiently submitting, for a long time, to the unavailing efforts of the perruquier, at length ventured to give it as his opinion that the wig was too little. This assertion was stoutly denied; but, after very many fruitless trials, the barber threw it down in a passion, exclaiming, "No, Sir, the wig is not too small, but your head is too large."

The Doctor was much diverted with the circumstance, but never made another essay to conceal his venerable locks. The etiquette of dress was dispensed with in this instance of the American philosopher; the size and appearance of whose head became a subject of common conversation: Yes, Sir, was the usual remark, "Il a une grosse tete, et une grande tete"—He has a big head and a great head.

ANACREON, ODE 33.

TRANSLATED BY MOORE.

'TWAS noon of night, when round the pole,
The sullen bear is seen to roll,
And mortals wearied with the day,
Are slumbering all their cares away,
An infant, at that dreary hour,
Came weeping to my silent bower,
And wak'd me with a piteous prayer,
To save him from the midnight air;
"And who art thou," I waking cry,
"That bidst my blissful visions fly?"
"O, gentle sire," the infant said,
"In pity take me to thy shed;
Nor fear deceit, a lonely child,
I wander through the gloomy wild,
Chill drops the rain, and not a ray
Illumes the drear and misty way!"
I heard the baby's tale of woe,
I heard the bitter night winds blow;
And sighing for his piteous fate,
I trimm'd my lamp, and op'd the gate.
'Twas *Love!* the little wandering sprite,
His pinion sparkled through the night!
I knew him—by his bow and dart;
I knew him—by his fluttering heart!
I take him in, and fondly raise
The dying embers' cheering blaze:
Press from his dank and clinging hair
The chrystals of the freezing air;
And in my hand and bosom hold
His little fingers, thrilling cold.
And now the embers' cheering ray
Had warm'd his anxious fears away;
"I pray thee," said the wanton child,
My bosom trembled as he smil'd,
"I pray thee let me try my bow,
For through the rain I've wander'd so,
That much I fear the ceaseless shower
Has injur'd its elastic power."
The fatal bow the urchin drew,
Swift from the string the arrow flew;
Oh! swift it flew as glancing flame,
And to my very soul it came!
"Fare thee well," I heard him say,
As laughing wild he wing'd his way,
"Fare thee well, for now I know
The rain has not relax'd my bow,
It still can send a madd'ning dart,
As thou shalt own, with all thy heart,"

FROM THE LATIN.

A HAUGHTY courtier, meeting in the streets
A scholar, him thus insolently greets:
Base men to take the wall I ne'er permit;
The scholar said, I do—and gave him it.

The following jeu du mot was sent by a young lady to her lover, whose name was Not, *a few weeks before their marriage. The nuptial knot was fastened soon after the discerning lover deciphered its import.*

WHY urge, dear sir, a bashful maid
To change her single lot?
When well you know, I've often said,
In truth, I love you, Not.

For all your pain, I do, Not, care,
And trust me, on my life,
Though you had millions, I declare,
I would, Not, be your wife.

The following lines, engraved on a stone afterwards found to be over the burial place of Prince Henry, the son of James I, without any name upon it, though written in the quaint style of those times, must be admired.

READER, hence! and ask not me
Whose these sacred ashes be!
Purposely it is conceal'd;
For the precious name reveal'd,
All that read would sadly sigh,
Melt themselves to tears and die.
In this marble basket lies,
A matchless jewel—heaven's prize;
Which Nature in the world's disdain,
Just show'd, and then put up again,

An arch poetess addressing the editor of a village paper, thus commences:

PERMIT a giddy, trifling Girl,
For once to fill your poet's corner;
She cares not how the critics snarl,
Or beau and macaronies scorn her.

She longs in print her lines to see;
Oblige her, (sure you can't refuse it)
And if you find her out, your *fee*
Shall be—*to kiss her*—if you choose it.

RUFUS AND NÆVIA.

TRANSLATED FROM MARTIAL'S EPIGRAMS, BY JOHN CALE JONES.

WHATE'ER he doth, Rufus of Nævia thinks,
E'en when he laughs, weeps, scolds, fasts, eats, or drinks;
At supper toasts, at ev'ning with her walks,
Of Nævia muses, and of Nævia talks.
No man more witty, if but Nævia come;
But Nævia absent, Rufus is quite dumb,
When to his father writing yesterday,
Thus, like a silly lover did he say,
"Dear Girl, I send thee now this hasty line,
Believe me, lovely Nævia, ever thine,"

MUSICAL REPOSITORY.

J. HEWITT, No. 59 MAIDEN-LANE,

HAS imported by the late arrivals from Europe, elegant Piano Fortes, with or without the additional keys, Guitars, Patent Flutes, Clarinets, Concert and Hunting Horns, Concert Trumpets, Drums, Fifes, Violins and Violin Strings.—Also an assortment of Music for different instruments by the most favorite composers.

Just published the following NEW SONGS, viz.—

A new patriotic Song—"Here's a health to our Sachem, long may he live."

Sadi the Moor.

The Convent Dirge—and a variety of other new Songs.

Also for sale an elegant assortment of the most fashionable PLATED WARE, consisting of Tea and Coffee-urns, Tea-pots, Sugar-dishes, Candlesticks, Brackets, Branches, Castors, Dish-crosses, Bread-baskets, &c. and a large assortment of CUTLERY on the lowest terms.

N. SMITH,

Chemical Perfumer, from London, at the New-York Hair-Powder and Perfume Manufactory, the Rose, No. 114, opposite the City-Hotel, Broad-Way.

Smith's improved chemical Milk of Roses, so well known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples, redness, or sunburns; has not its equal for whitening and preserving the skin to extreme old age, and is very fine for gentlemen to use after shaving—with printed directions—6s. 8s. and 12s. per bottle, or 3 dollars per quart.

Smith's Pomade de Grasse, for thickening the hair and keeping it from coming out or turning grey; 4s. and 6s. per pot, with printed directions.

His Superfine white Hair Powder, 1s. per lb.

Do. Violet, double scented, 1s. 6d. do.

His beautiful Rose Powder, 2s. 6d. do.

Highly improved sweet scented hard and soft Pomatums, 1s. per pot or roll, double, 2s. do.

His white almond Wash-ball, 2s. and 3s. each.

Very good common, 1s. Camphor, 2s. 3s. do.

Do. Vegetable.

Gentlemen may have their shaving boxes filled with fine Shaving Soap, 2s. each.

Smith's Balsamic Lip Salve of Roses, for giving a most beautiful coral red to the lips; cures roughness and chops, leaves them quite smooth, 2s.—4s per box.

His fine Cosmetic Cold Cream, for taking off all kinds of roughness, and leaving the skin smooth and comfortable, 3s. and 4s. per pot.

Smith's Savonnette Royal Paste, for washing the skin, making it smooth, delicate, and fair, to be had only as above, with directions, 4s. and 8s. per pot.

Smith's Chemical Dentrifice Tooth Powder, for the Teeth and Gums, warranted, 2s. and 4s. per box.

Smith's purified Chemical Cosmetic Wash-ball, far superior to any other for softening, beautifying and preserving the skin, with an agreeable perfume, sold with printed directions, 4s. and 8s. each.

Smith's Vegetable Rouge, for giving a natural color to the complexion; likewise his Vegetable or Pearl Cosmetic, for immediately whitening the skin.

NEW-YORK: PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY MING & YOUNG, No. 90, WILLIAM-STREET, WHERE EVERY KIND OF PRINTING IS EXECUTED.—SUBSCRIPTIONS FOR THIS PAPER ARE RECEIVED AT TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.